The Commonweal

August 17, 1951

Church, State and the Person

The Problem of Two Loyalties

FREDERICK E. FLYNN

The Heart's Own Reasons

Graham Greene's New Novel

EVELYN WAUGH

Companions of the Poor

MARJORIE CROWE HUGHES

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The Commonweal

WEEK BY WEEK

Southeast Asia and Japan

THE reaction of India, Burma and Indonesia to the proposed peace treaty with Japan shows again how difficult it is for this country and the newly-independent Asiatic nations to see eye-to-eye. It calls to mind the long unhappy delay over our food shipments to India and, before that, the lack of support of UN action in Korea on the part of several Asiatic powers. Other elements in the speculative hopper would be India's intransigence toward Pakistan over Kashmir along with the high regard which Mr. Nehru enjoys in the capitals of the world.

The three things Mr. Nehru would change in the proposed treaty would be hard for the United States to take: turning over Formosa to Communist China, restoration of the Ryukyu and Bonin Islands to Japan and withdrawal of American troops from Japan.

How can India expect the United States to allow an avowed enemy with which we are at war to take over an island of some strategic importance on which anti-Communist Chinese resistance is currently concentrated? And it is hard to see that it would be to India's advantage to have Communist China further strengthened by such an acquisition. There is always the Yalta agreement but the main explanation must lie somewhere on the plane of Asiatic self-determination, about which Mr. Nehru seems on the doctrinaire side.

For the conquest of Tibet and presence of Communist China on India's borders is said to have persuaded Mr. Nehru that he must seek a power balance in Asia. This would mean a strong Japan. Hence, perhaps, his demands for the return of the nearby Bonins and Ryukyus by the United States (which would have sounded more tactful if accompanied by a like request of the USSR for restoration to Japan of the equally adjacent Kurile Islands to the North).

Desire for a strong, independent Japan could likewise explain India's opposition to the retention of American troops on the Japanese islands. But in the light of other Indian statements it would seem to derive much more directly from the objective of an Asia freed of all white control. If Mr. Nehru seeks a real power balance in the Far East, however, he must resign himself for some time to American troops and well-placed American bases. Without them postwar Japan could hardly stand firm against the Mao-Stalin colossus. The difficulty here is to square the Asiatics' understandable desire to stand on their own feet at long last with the fact that if they were simply left to themselves under present conditions, they would only fall victim to a new imperialism, the USSR.

The other nations with whom India seeks to make common cause in the matter of the Japanese treaty approach things from the angle of reparations. Both Burma and Indonesia suffered grave losses at the hands of the Japanese; both would find reparations of any size of immense help in bolstering their enfeebled economies. The same is true of our former ward, the Philippines. Japan's capacity to pay would seem greatly to limit these expectations. And if the bill is set too high, it would reduce her economy to the point that postwar Japan would prove to be a very weak reed indeed.

THE United States has no illusions about being able to please everybody by its Japanese treaty terms — even if the interests of all receive due consideration. But the situation of strength we seek to build in the Far East also depends on other factors than peace treaties. Only in conjunction with good trade relations, a vigorous Point IV policy and a continuous strengthening of international methods of stemming aggression will the peace treaty yield the desired results. To enable the Far East one day to attain full independence (except for certain voluntarily accepted international obligations) the United States must still continue to intervene.

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Organizing New York's Finest

EVER since the thirties American workers who have become fed up with the inertia of their independent or AFL unions have turned to the more dynamic CIO or to some colorful labor leader such as John L. Lewis. The New York police force is following a well-worn pattern. The Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, of which most of the 19,000 city policemen are members, has failed to produce the desired results. The AFL's American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees, which has organized the police of sixty-two other cities, has likewise failed to exert itself sufficiently. And so the men have responded to the redoubtable Michael Quill, who by threatening to tie up New York's complex transportation system recently won for his Transportation Workers a forty-hour week.

That a man apparently as scornful as Mr. Quill of the public interest, if it stands in his way, should now have organization of the New York police force within his grasp is due to negligence all round. The blame would seem to rest squarely with Mayor Impellitteri and the other city fathers who have permitted intolerable conditions to persist. How could one expect a loyal and honest force in these inflation days, when take-home pay gets as low as $38 per week? It is further stated that New York policemen must pay for their own uniforms—even for repairing damages incurred in line of duty. Furthermore out of such meager pay they have to supply their own bullets, spotlights and heaters on their radio cars, etc. That so many of them have tie-ins with local bookmakers and racketeers is hardly surprising.

Police Commissioner George P. Monaghan has hardly helped matters by forbidding his men to join any union, and to withdraw if they have already applied for union membership, under pain of dismissal. That will only raise the hackles of the individual underpaid patrolman even higher. Nor does the fact that the Board of Estimate has at last gotten round to reduce the pension contributions of New York's firemen and policemen sufficiently mend matters. It means only an increase of $4 to $6 a week in take-home pay.

And now they are turning in large numbers to Mr. Quill, whose record in keeping union agreements or respecting the public interest has been anything but heartening. That a policeman's union in a city like New York should have other means of making demands than striking is a nicety which Mr. Quill can be expected to ignore. But he may well succeed in shortening hours, raising the wage scale and reducing pension deductions. At whatever cost he may bring the force a whole lot closer to a living wage.

A Hard Road Back

WE HAVE wondered more than once whether socialism was not a one-way street. Once the state has taken them over, will it ever relinquish productive properties into private hands? Will people, conditioned as they are by current catchwords, ever consent to the transfer of public facilities back to men who would operate them for private profit? It has hardly seemed likely.

Two years ago the Liberal Party came to power in Australia on a platform pledging "desocialization." Only now has it taken the first modest step toward returning industry to private hands. It is merely the Australian government's decision to sell its fifty-one percent interest in Amalgamated Wireless, Inc., a company which makes radio sets.

Meanwhile airlines, railroads, shipping lines, banks, public utilities, oil refineries, coal mines and factories producing various consumer goods continue to operate under government aegis in Australia. Those who elected Mr. Menzies and his Liberal Party are still awaiting the constitutional amendment which would bar any further socialization in that commonwealth.

For good or ill the Australian experience indicates how hard it is to throw things into reverse. So that if the Conservatives should return to power in England this fall, it would mean on the domestic terrain little more than a change in personalities.

• NEXT WEEK •

ROBERT BARRAT writes of the French elections and the current difficulties in forming a government in France.

M. Barrat believes that M. Vincent Auriol "is actually the most able tactician who has ever lived at the Elysée presidential palace. For five years his authority over the party leaders has grown stronger day by day. It would not be rash to assert that he is prolonging the present crisis, allowing first this group and then that to demonstrate its impotence in order in the end to attain his objective: a Third Force-Fourth Force coalition government."

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Cadets and Campaigners

THE story of the cribbing cadets at West Point popped up with all the surprise and fascination of back-fence gossip and spread out over all the neighborhood in no time at all. It is, of course, the sort of story that runs wild all by itself and very nearly chases everything else right out of mind for the time being.

It so happened that it was on the same day the West Point story broke that another bit of sad and sorry news was released in Washington. If this second story is to be driven forever from our minds by the West Point affair, it may very well prove to be true again that it is often the really big fish that gets away after all.

We refer to a unanimous report issued by a Senate subcommittee, composed of three Democrats and two Republicans, which has for the past several weeks been investigating the political campaign waged by Senator John Marshall Butler of Maryland when he recently defeated former Senator Millard E. Tydings.

This was the campaign in which a fake, composite photograph was used showing Earl Browder in supposed conversation with Tydings. The intention of this photograph was to create the impression that Tydings was soft toward Communists and that a committee of which he was the chairman had "whitewashed" the charges about Communism in the State Department made by Senator McCarthy. Actually, the Tydings Committee, for lack of evidence of a kind that would stand up in court, simply could not substantiate McCarthy's accusations.

In retaliation McCarthy went after Tydings (McCarthy had a hand in the composite picture fraud) and, in behalf of Senator Butler, he engaged in what the subcommittee calls a "despicable 'back street' type of campaign. The 'back street' campaign conducted by non-Maryland outsiders was of a form and pattern designed to undermine and destroy the public faith and confidence in the basic American loyalty of a well-known figure. It followed a specific theme and course which has become, unfortunately, a means and weapon which strikes to destroy [a thing or a person] as suspiciously subversive, rather than simply to defeat an issue."

And the subcommittee gave this warning: "such campaign methods and tactics are destroying our system of free elections and undermining the very foundation of our Government."

This, certainly, is a serious charge. It raises some serious questions: If the West Point cadets are to be tried for cheating, why not McCarthy? Has he done less than these cadets to debase the integrity and honesty of our national life?

Senator Benton of Connecticut has had the courage to propose such an investigation of Senator McCarthy's activities. We hope his proposal will be adopted.

The issue here is not whether or not Communism must be fought at home: it must. The issue is whether or not we have the intelligence and the courage to do it in the American way, or whether we will leave the job—and our liberties—to a man who runs along the back streets to do his cheating when he hasn't the stuff it takes to do things the straight and open way.

Words and Gestures

THE Russians have followed up Jacob Malik's cease-fire speech with a well-defined propaganda line proclaiming the complete innocence of Soviet intentions in the world. They have issued a new and cooing English-language magazine to set the tone for the current campaign and the burden of it all is the old familiar message: yes, it *is* possible for Communism and capitalism to co-exist.

The latest move in this campaign is by far the shrewdest: the President of the USSR has proposed a five-power disarmament pact without, of course, involving himself in anything but grand generalities. He says nothing about the long-standing UN plan for adequate inspection in all countries, a plan that the Soviet Union would have no part of at all.

This present Soviet peace campaign is proof of one thing: we are on the right course in pursuing a policy of bargaining from strength and not from weakness. The free world has come a long way since June a year ago, and if we fall for this Soviet line now without waiting for Soviet actions to back it up, we will only be falling for the old illusion that there is some cheap way to beat Soviet Communism after all.

On the day this latest propaganda message arrived from Russia, Mr. Anthony Eden happened to be making a speech in Denver. It would be well and wise to adopt as our own the course of action he advised there. "The Soviets," he said, "may from time to time offer friendly words and gestures. We should not, of course, rebut them, but we should test them out. On no account must we relax our purpose, which is to seek peace through strength."

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Joy of Living?

THEY say there is more laughter in convents than anywhere else. For all I know that may be true. Certainly one shouldn't look to religious folk for gloom. It seems only proper that a religion which exalts faith, hope and charity as its highest virtues should produce joyous people. I don't mean the hearty, backslapping kind of hollow humor that is supposed to prove the curate is a regular fellow but a certain cheerfulness, openness of heart and brightness of outlook that should set off those who believe, hope and love according to the grace of God.

I suppose there is much of that to be found if one looks for it. Everybody has met some saintly persons who made Christianity lovable and attractive because it seemed that they lived it thoroughly and it shaped all their attitudes. It isn't a question of native temperament so much as outlook. Dorothy Day tells of one day at the Catholic Worker when Peter Maurin sat between the notoriously cheerful leaders of the Grail movement and grimly stolid Sigrid Undset. Here were three different national types but all three had absorbed the Catholic spirit and were able to open their minds and their hearts to each other. There was nothing mean or petty, narrow or negative about their way of looking at the world and the people in it. To the ladies of the Grail, the world was a vast challenge and all the good things in it—music, dance, poetry, color—gifts to be returned to God. To Peter Maurin, nothing and no one was hopeless. He spent his life plotting and planning to relate them to the Christian ideal—that all might be one. At the time Sigrid Undset might be shaking her head and predicting a thousand years of darkness (it was about 1940) but her own sweeping view of the Catholic life, brought to movement in her novels, reached out and touched thousands of readers.

Belief in Christ should enlarge one's heart and broaden one's sympathy, everyone will agree that is true. But everyone knows too that in the popular mind religious folk are looked upon, and not always without reason, as lugubrious kill-joys. There is a book called *Saints Are Not Sad*. That should be something like calling a book *Women Are Not Fathers,* but unfortunately the title is arresting and serves to recall a truth that should be a truism but isn't.

Now in Catholic belief all *this* is a truism. We were brought up on the idea that holiness should mean happiness. The cliché about convent laughter represents our fond conviction that it is so. Sometimes our more enthusiastic apologists point out, grimly, that when England was Our Lady's Dowry it was merrie Englande, and of course there is the matter of Belloc and Chesterton, their drinking songs and the consecrated high jinks that was somehow supposed to strike a smashing blow for the Catholic cause. Ho, ho, ho and a jolly religion it is. Every now and then someone assembles an anthology of "Catholic humor," with a preface recalling St. Thomas More's wisecrack about his poor beard and one or two of the Philip Neri incidents. All the Catholic reviewers say aye, aye, that's the way it is, or at least should be. Still the great world beyond remains unconvinced. *Saints Are Not Sad* continues to be an eye-catching paradox.

I think the fact is that we give the world little reason to believe that the truth has made us free. The world can judge us only by the external manifestations of our religion and we give little indication that there is anything notably cheerful or broadminded (in the best sense) in our outlook.

Maybe I go to the wrong churches but I rarely hear a sermon that is not sternly moralistic in tone, replete with don'ts and disappointment. Occasionally a preacher will share his glimpse of the good life and the joyous meaning of things, and when that happens it is like being given water on the desert. Maybe I read the wrong religious papers too but I see few that are not about 99 44/100 dour in their editorial opinions. Now and then you will run across an article that seeks out the good and opens a little window on the beauty of creation, and that is like being given breath.

In his article on American Catholicism in *Life* Evelyn Waugh took the occasion to brand the Irish as a dark, joyless race. At the time I first read that, like many another with a Celtic background, I bristled. It is almost better to tell a man that he has lost his virility than to tell him that he has no sense of humor. That is to deprive him of a sweeping endowment that includes openness of heart, love of beauty and a strong enough sense of proportion to appreciate the incongruous for what it is.

But now I am not so sure that Mr. Waugh did not explain the Irish and in doing so explain the often puritanical tone of American Catholicism. The Irish temperament and outlook surely colors the American Church. Could that account for the overwhelmingly negative note of so much of our preachment and the dreary religious spirit of so many of our parishes, the depressing, pugnacious spirit of so much of our published comment on the world and the affairs of the world? This is a large question and I suspect that to account for so much with little is dangerously simple. But let it stand for what it is worth.

Whatever the reason there is not the beauty and joy, the openness of mind and heart among us that there should be, and I don't suppose a column like this will make any difference, except to serve as a personal, spoken out loud examination of conscience for the writer and perhaps for the reader.

It was written after a series of experiences of being nagged at, complained of, and generally despaired of—the whole congregation and the world in general—from the pulpit, with weeks going by without a word of hope or cheer. For months I have seen the congregation leave like people being freed from a courtroom ordeal, with no fresh sense of belonging to God's good world. Still I put off writing it. But after being thoroughly depressed by the almost unrelieved pessimism in the current issue of *Integrity* it seemed impossible when I sat down to the typewriter to write of anything else. That did it.

JOHN COGLEY.

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Church, State and the Person

The two loyalties are rooted in one and the same human being.

By FREDERICK E. FLYNN

FOR THE most part, discussions about the Church-State problem are theological, philosophical, legal or historical. The secularist, impregnated consciously or unconsciously with the philosophy of Hobbes, regards the State as the only society proper to man and views the Church either at worst as a dangerous competitor to be crushed, or at best as a useful adjunct to civil order so long as she is under the vigilant control of the State. The secularist allows the Church no juridical status beyond what is guaranteed to her through civil statutes; if the statutes are radically changed, or if they are variously interpreted in different historical circumstances, then the position of the Church undergoes a corresponding change. The Church, in short, enjoys a purely privileged status which can be increased, amended, or withdrawn, according as the State judges. The Catholic apologist replies that Church and State are distinctly different kinds of society, each perfect within its own sphere, each with its own independent juridical status, each with its own legal organization, and each with its inalienable moral and legal rights in respect to the other.

One of the difficulties about such discussions is that when all the attention is fastened on the two societies, *considered as societies,* it is easy to grasp the sharp distinctions between their respective natures and functions. But when the attention is turned from investigations into the societies themselves to the concrete problems affecting the human person who is simultaneously a member of both societies, then the distinctions become less sharp. The analysis then shifts from the philosophico-juridical to the psychological level, and in so doing moves from the abstract to the concrete, from the static to the dynamic. And if one is no longer in the realm of the purely intelligible, he is at least closer to the heart of the matter.

To say that one gains vast and fruitful insights from looking at the Church-State problem from the psychological standpoint, is most certainly not to say that membership in the Church is only of psychological consequence. To do so would be to take the purely pragmatic view of religion characteristic of the secularist. For the latter, membership in the Church, together with the whole of one's personal religious experiences, is justified solely on the basis of its psychological value for the person involved. Rather, it is to say that the very fact of his dual membership in Church and in State presents some psychological difficulties that arise from the abstract consideration of the societies themselves. This is the anguish and mystery for the person: to know, however dimly, that his sociability is twofold, whereas his personality in which it is rooted is one and undivided. According as he tries to escape the anguish or to resolve it, the consequences both for himself and for the societies of which he is a member, are tremendously vital.

The psychological tensions in the individual would not be so radical if his ecclesiastical and civil citizenship were comparable to simultaneous membership in a literary society and in a bridge club. Then it would be simply a question of properly dividing his efforts, interests, and time—unquestionably a matter of annoyance and inconvenience now and then, but certainly not a matter of gnawing anxiety. Or, his difficulties would not be tremendous if they resulted only from his membership in a Church where all were presumably virtuous, and his membership in a State where all were presumably vicious. The root of the tensions comes from the essentially different ends of Church and State, the former supernatural and the latter natural. This does not mean that the supernatural and the natural are opposed to each other so that one necessarily excludes the other, for the supernatural does not destroy nature, but perfects it. Rather, the ends are on entirely different levels, and, as a consequence, the means to the respective ends are essentially different.

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MAN'S NATURAL end in the State is realized, even though imperfectly, through purely natural human efforts. Further, man's very membership in the body politic is a consequence of a natural right. But man's supernatural destiny is realized only through the freely given grace of God, only through the superhuman aids which inform and elevate his human efforts. And man's very membership in the Mystical Body is not a

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consequence of any natural right, but flows from the baptismal gift of grace. In civil society man has a wealth of natural rights which flow from his human personality, hence pagan and Christian are civilly equal (and this is true even in a civil society which is both based on Christian principles and made up predominantly of Christians).

In the Church, considered solely as Church, *man has no natural rights*. Of course, this does not mean that there are, for example, no natural rights and obligations between a priest and his bishop insofar as their relations to each other involve only their common civil status. However, it does explain why Canon Law forbids a priest to bring a civil suit against his bishop on a matter involving only ecclesiastical jurisdiction, discipline, etc. The only right which the member of the Church has is the right to the sacraments, and this is a legal right, and also, if you will, a supernatural "right": a legal right inasmuch as it comes only from Canon Law; a supernatural "right" inasmuch as it flows, not from his human personality, but rather from his status as a *baptized Christian*.

It is because of this essential difference between the ends of the two societies, and the proportionally different means, that radically different socio-ethico-psychological attitudes and adjustments are necessary for the person who is at once a member of both. (The awkward term, "socio-ethico-psychological" is used advisedly to indicate that in the concrete reaction to environment the social, ethical and psychological elements are not separate.) If the ultimate source of the conflict is on the theoretical and theological level, the immediate solution is on the practical and prudential level. This becomes more evident as one analyzes the statement made by Pope Pius XII in his address to the Roman Rota on October 2, 1945: "The Foundation of the Church as a society was accomplished, contrarily to the origin of the state, not from below upwards, but rather from above downwards." Commenting on this statement in his *Man and the State,* Maritain observes: "In other words, authority in the church comes down from above, but authority in political society rises from below; and whereas the Pope in the church is the Vicar of Christ, the rulers in political society are vicars of the people. As a result, it is a particular emphasis on political freedom which corresponds, in the sphere of civil society, to the particular emphasis on teaching authority in the sphere of the church."

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THE SIGNIFICANT phrases in this passage are "political freedom" and "teaching authority." The first thing to be noted is that, in the context in which they appear, "political freedom" and "teaching authority" do not necessarily imply an absolute antinomy. It is the doctrinaire liberalist who regards "freedom" and "authority" as utterly polar concepts; for him the increase of freedom necessarily and always involves the disappearance of authority, and vice versa. Absolute freedom is not the mark of civil society any more than absolute authority is the mark of the Church. What the passage quoted implies, rather, is a difference in emphasis. This difference can be appreciated by considering the diverse nature of the laws which govern the members of the respective societies.

In the Aristotelian-Thomistic tradition, law in general is regarded as having a teaching function. Its chief purpose is to regulate human acts and bring them into harmony with the common good of society. Law teaches by training those ruled by it in the habit of subordinating their private goods to the common good. Consequently, wherever and whenever a law is ordered to a common good, it contains necessarily by virtue of its teaching power, the element of authority. Both the Canon Law of the Church and the civil laws of the state have this feature in common. The citizen of the state enjoys not a whit more freedom in respect of civil laws than does the member of the Church in respect of her laws; the citizen may never by his own authority interpret the civil law to suit himself, nor may he declare a just civil law not binding in his case.

While Canon Law and civil law are similar insofar as the authority of the laws themselves are concerned, they differ in the manner in which the authority of the *lawgivers* is related to those ruled by the laws. It is here that the shift in emphasis takes place. The magisterial power of the Church rests at the top and moves through a hierarchical framework downwards. Whether it involves the universal laws of the Church or only the episcopal laws governing a specific diocese, in every case the lawgivers are independent of those whom they govern. Ecclesiastical lawgivers are either answerable to their immediate superior or to God alone. Their right to make such laws is in no way founded on the free consent of the faithful under their care. The magisterial power of the State, on the other hand, is rooted proximately in the people in virtue of their inalienable human rights which they enjoy as participators in the Divine nature. Civil lawgivers are vicars of the people whom they govern, as even though the just laws which they promulgate demand obedience, they are answerable as lawgivers to the citizens. Their personal right to make laws is subject to the consent and constant review of the people. In the ecclesiastical order "duly constituted authority" may occasionally refer to an appointee (a federal judge, for instance), but ultimately refers to a person freely chosen by the people themselves (or

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at least freely approved of, as when the ruler is an hereditary monarch).

Thus, civil lawgivers are responsible *for* and *to* the citizens under them, while ecclesiastical lawgivers are responsible only *for* the faithful under their care. Without implying any pejorative connotation, ecclesiastical government can be accurately described as essentially paternalistic.

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HERE one is at the very core of the internal tensions in the person who is simultaneously a member of a predominantly authoritarian society and of a predominantly libertarian society. He lives at once, so to say, in two quite different socio-ethico-psychological climates. Adjusting his habits to suit the two climates presents some difficulties: the habit which is too hot for the one may be too cool for the other. In his frustration he may go to the extreme of divesting himself entirely of his ecclesiastical habits and end up slightly shivering all of the time, or he may go to the other extreme of refusing to loosen them at all and end up sweating profusely part of the time. If he has a constitutional preference for shivering he will adopt the congregationalism characteristic of many Protestant sects, or he will choose some shade of Modernism.

Protestant apologists contend that the development of Protestantism brought about the growth of free political institutions with their attendant repugnance for political absolutism. Whether or not Protestantism was the true causal factor is certainly debatable. The Catholic must admit at least that the growth of Protestantism coincided historically with the growth of political freedom. It is understandable enough that the passion for political freedom blinded many to the point where they considered that what is good for the State is equally good for the Church. In any case, ecclesiastical authority under Protestantism has gradually withered away. Many sects today have no bishops, and even where they do, their bishops are elected. Their ministers are either freely chosen by the flocks over whom they are to preside, or where there is episcopal appointment the tenure of the ministers is always subject to the consent and continued confidence of their respective congregations. Consequently, there is no denying that these Protestant sects are more "democratic" than the Catholic Church. But their democracy is that of the doctrinaire liberal with all authority—whether of church laws or church lawgivers—entirely dependent on the majority will of the church members. It should surprise no one that the final stage of Protestantism is necessarily secularism—a *religion* of the people, by the people and for the people.

However, all of this should be no cause for complacency to us Catholics who may be tempted to succumb to a purely human delight at the disentegration of a centuries-old enemy. Whatever the secret satisfaction we may feel, it is more than counterbalanced by the awful realization that in many European quarters today Catholicism and Protestantism and democracy are being crushed in the omniverous jaws of the Leviathan. Nor do we Catholics have a serious moral obligation to examine the Protestant conscience for its responsibility in bringing this situation about. In place of this frivolous pastime we might examine our own. We might ask ourselves why in times past we have always been more perceptive about containing false democratic tendencies within the Church than we have about supporting genuine democratic aspirations within the State. This, of course, is more true of European than American Catholics.

The results for the State are no less disastrous when the predominantly authority-accented climate proper to the Church is carried over into the political order.

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THE transfer of political freedom from State to Church and of teaching authority from Church to State has produced the frightening paradox of our time: the churches become secularized and the State becomes deified. Then Church and State lose their distinct identities and merge into the totalitarian state. It is the tragic foolishness of a Blanshard to see Democracy as the bulwark between the twin dangers of Communism and "Catholic Power" at the very moment in history when "Catholic Power" alone can save an increasingly secularized Democracy from degenerating into Communism. And it would be an equally tragic foolishness that would impel us Catholics to think of "Catholic Power" as embodying the purely external institutions and accidental, historical accretions of our religion: the unqualified and imprudent use of censorship, the "Catholic" vote, the "Catholic" political candidate. Surely by now history has taught us that so often when the Church attempts to use the State for her own legitimate supernatural ends, the State eagerly cooperates by using the Church for its own illegitimate temporal ends. Better should we understand "Catholic Power" to mean what the statements of the recent Popes imply and what the burning message of Cardinal Suhard underlines. The *Christian Science Monitor* summed it up rather succinctly: ". . . The Christian conscience in society, not the Christian church in politics, holds the hope for the future."

Finally, the result of these tensions for the person himself: if they are resolved in favor of the temperamental tendency toward freedom one observes the type loosely defined as a "modern" Christian. He is genuinely concerned with civil

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freedom, even if his tones occasionally become strident. At the same time he is intemperately critical of even the proper authority of the Church and her legitimate use of that authority. Anti-clericalism is essential to his position and has the force of a fixed and universal principle. He takes a secret and morbid delight in Blanshard's books. He is the avant-garde Christian whose cult of freedom makes him the easiest mark of those who preach the cult of force.

A second type, generously described as a "good" Christian, is one in whom there is a native tendency to an unquestioning respect for authority in all its forms. He escapes any threatening tensions by adopting a completely supine position. He is disturbed by any evidence of popular demands for greater political or economic freedom, legitimate or otherwise. In the civil order the status quo has for him all the habiliments of authority, to be forever revered and left alone. He is completely comfortable only in a church which is a neat gothic travesty of the Church. He finds all forms of anti-clericalism dark and frightening. He does not want to fight. He just likes to be told and left alone. He recoils from Blanshard's books at the first rhetorical salvo of some Catholic apologist-reviewer. When the ultimate human force takes over he becomes a snivelling little gauleiter or a local commissar.

The third type is the "liberal" Christian. ("Liberal" is a decent term of honorable lineage. It has suffered long enough for the sins committed in its name by the 19th century movement condemned by the popes. It is high time it was restored to its original respectability: *liberal*—"as befitting a free man.") There is in him a painful urgency to resolve the tensions rightly and to live in genuine peace as an active member of both societies. He is intellectually aware of, and convinced by, the different emphasis which Church and State properly place on authority and liberty. The tensions, nevertheless, emerge unbidden at times to pain him, for they are emotional rather than intellectual in origin. He knows intellectually that there is no antinomy between freedom and authority *abstractly* considered. But that does not prevent his being emotionally torn between the often conflicting demands of freedom and authority as they are *concretely* realized in human actions.

He recognizes as genuine many of the problems involving freedom raised by secular thinkers, and is disheartened when an immature, but boisterously confident, member of his own church dashes to the attack with a rhetorical flourish, ignores the issue raised, and triumphantly provides his own pat answer to a problem which no longer exists or never existed. His discouragement increases in direct ratio to the amount of authority enjoyed by his fellow church-member.

On the other hand, he is equally disheartened when a justifiable and valid application of ecclesiastical authority is greeted by the raucous vilification of the second-rate seculars. Then his discouragement increases in direct ratio to the amount of freedom to cavil which his fellow citizen enjoys under a patient Church and a tolerant State. If someone offers him that familiar and facile explanation for all anti-clericalism—the rationalization of one's own failures as a Catholic—he remembers a St. Catherine of Siena whose anti-clericalism went so far as to criticize openly a weak pope. Or he may recall the statement of a French bishop that clericalism is to the virtue of religion what nationalism is to the virtue of patriotism. He looks upon Blanshard's books with the eye of a Father John Courtney Murray, S.J., who sees in Blanshard a real friend inasmuch as he has shown us who our real enemy is—the Nativist resurrected. When all freedom falls before the Juggernaut he fights courageously and openly as long as he can, and then goes underground, or to the concentration camp, or to the gallows—St. Thomas More, Don Sturzo, DeGasperi.

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IF HE is to resolve his conflicts the liberal Catholic, priest or layman, must ignore the insensitive who tell him that there are no conflicts involved in Church-State membership, and that being a good Catholic will take care of the whole problem. What he needs to be told is that the truly integral resolution is not something automatic and spontaneous; that it is not something given to the individual along with his nature to be taken for granted. He needs to be told that successful resolution is an achievement, a properly virtuous but always precarious achievement analogous to the resolution through virtue of the conflict between his sensual and rational appetites. Above all, he needs from his Church the guidance which comes from the sure hand of authority whose firmness is mitigated by its lightness. From civil society he needs the guarantee that its free institutions will not be debased by license, that its tolerance will not degenerate into indifference.

A great deal of trouble to go to, one may say, in order to save a member of what may always be a minority group, the liberal Christians. True, the Church does not need him for her preservation: if all Christians save one Catholic bishop were annihilated the promise of Christ would still be kept. This or that state does not need him, for states will continue in some form or other until the end of time. Still, he is worth saving. For in him and through him will endure something which is not of the Church alone, not of the State alone—Christian civilization.

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In the Light of an Explosion

MOST of us go through life carefully shielding our eyes from our own dismal little sins. But every now and then an explosion occurs, and in the light of that explosion we see ourselves for a moment as we really are.

A few weeks ago an explosion occurred in the Chicago suburb of Cicero. You have no doubt read about it. In essence it was another race riot directed at keeping a Negro family out of a white community. As such it was another testimonial to the failure of northern white Christians to practice Christianity. Or for those who prefer to speak in terms of Americanism, it was another testimonial to the failure of white Americans to live up to the fine principles set down in the Declaration of Independence and the Bill of Rights.

In the light of that explosion it might be useful for all of us to ask ourselves, "What is the reason for this evil thing, this prejudice that exists among us, that lives in our own hearts and minds, as individuals and as groups, as persons and as mobs, as families and as organizations, as employers and as labor unions?"

It is safe to say that there must have been union members in the mob that broke into Harvey Clark's home, threw his furniture in the street and burned it. At least there must have been sons of union members, for we are told that most of the crowd were teen-agers. A union should be a place where the spirit of brotherhood is strong. Union men call each other "brother." But still we find unions—particularly in the railroad industry—where union men refuse to call Negroes brother and, in fact, do not allow them to belong to the same union. And not only do not allow them to belong to the same union, but do not allow them to work at the same trade. The Supreme Court has been trying to break up this dirty little game, but it is still extensive enough to be a disgrace.

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FORTUNATELY such unions are in the minority. I know of none in the CIO and I believe there are less than ten, out of more than 100 international unions in the AFL, that still practice racial discrimination in any positive way. Most unions are decent enough to recognize that Negroes have to eat just like everybody else, and that their children have just as great a craving as a white man's child for food and clothing and a room with a view and a roof that doesn't leak and a place to play without cutting himself on an old tin can and a chance to grow up and do what he thinks he would like to do and get married and have children and be as happy as possible and go to heaven.

Most unions recognize this and when a white man is sitting in a union meeting, generally he is ashamed to talk the way he would talk at home. In a sense the spirit of the union, the spirit of brotherhood, stops him. Or so it seems.

But the difficulty is this: a great many employers, especially in the white collar trades, just don't want to hire Negroes. In my own union we have about 90 per cent white collar jobs and the rest manual labor jobs. Our Negro members are strictly from among the manual labor jobs and I have seldom seen one at a meeting. I guess they feel that it is pretty much a white folks' union.

We have a Fair Employment Practices Commission in our state. They do a good job, but somehow they cannot force the employers in our industry to hire colored stenographers and filing clerks, colored bookkeepers and advertising salesmen.

I am beginning to think that it is up to the union to put a little pressure on the employers to do the right thing in this matter. Perhaps, though, it is not necessary to put any pressure on them. Perhaps they do not hire Negroes for white collar jobs because they are afraid that their white employees will get sore. And maybe some of them will get sore. But even so, it seems to me that if the union were to take the initiative, put on a small educational campaign, prepare the ground a little, the soreheads could be quarantined and rendered harmless.

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THIS is what we need: more white people working next to colored people. For what is the main ingredient in our animosity or antipathy toward each other? It is our strangeness. We do not know each other well enough really to believe that this is a man like myself, this is a good man, or a bad man or a good-and-bad man like myself; this, at any rate, is a man. The unions that have the best record on race relations are naturally those that have the most Negroes among their members. The big problem is to get the Negro hired in the same job classifications as the white man. Then if there is any decency in us at all we will get to know the Negro and we will recognize that he is a human being and is entitled to the sacred rights and privileges of a human being. That is why these FEPC's are good and necessary. Because unless we can break the hiring block, unless we can put a stop to the terrible thing that forces a brilliant college graduate to go to work carrying suitcases in a railroad station, then we will never get anywhere.

And what has the Catholic Church done to solve this problem? It would be better to let someone like Father John LaFarge, S.J., answer that question. Or perhaps it would be even better just to say that if half our priests were men like Father LaFarge, then there would be no question as to whether the Catholic Church had done more than the Communist Party to see that the American Negro gets a square deal.

One of the things that Father LaFarge did was to

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help organize the Catholic Interracial Council. First started in 1934 in New York, the Councils have spread to Detroit, Los Angeles, Brooklyn, Chicago, St. Louis, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia, Syracuse, Hartford, Providence, New Orleans, and Wilmington.

To those white Christians who are scandalized by the treatment given the Negro by his fellow whites, to those whites who have had no opportunity to meet Negroes, educated Negroes, on an equal footing, to those white Christians and Catholics who are bored with their empty, purposeless existence and would like to spend at least a few of their days in helping the kingdom of God to come upon earth as it is in heaven—to all such people the Catholic Interracial Council offers a challenge and an opportunity.

The Council conducts conferences, forums, lectures, retreats; publishes *The Interracial Review;* works with other agencies, white and Negro; does everything that it can, in short, within its means, to see that the principles of Christ are brought to bear in an effective way on this problem.

For information as to how to join the Council in your town, or how to subscribe to the *Review,* or how to help, write to George K. Hunton, Catholic Interracial Council, 20 Vesey St., New York, N. Y.

JOHN C. CORT.

Notes on the Interracial Council

THE New York council has as one of its principal activities a series of forum-discussions led by prominent speakers and held every Thursday. It has also succeeded in securing widespread notice of Catholic interracial activities in the nation's Negro press.

This year, when some 147 American Catholic colleges and universities observed an Interracial Justice Week, it was the sixth year for these council-sponsored observances.

Local conditions are the prime concern of each of the sixteen autonomous Catholic interracial councils. One of the most active units operates in Washington, D. C. It has secured a number of scholarships for Negroes at leading colleges and universities. In one parish after another in the city of Washington an interracial group has been assisting at Sunday Mass and receiving Communion together. The Washington council has also been supporting Actors Equity in their effort to keep plays out of Washington theaters which deny the Negro the right to attend. Finally, the Washington council has recently had considerable success is bringing about non-segregation in the lunchrooms of the city's chain and department stores.

The Catholic Interracial Council has been a strong supporter of FEPC and other state and federal civil rights legislation. Its purpose is: "To promote, in every practicable way, relations between the races based on the Christian principles of interracial justice and charity which uphold the God-given dignity and destiny of every person."

Companions of the Poor

By MARJORIE CROWE HUGHES

THE first time I saw a rat was in the kitchen of a coldwater flat on Mott Street. I had encountered a rat once before on the stairs there but I didn't see that one. A fellow was beating it to death with a piece of hose. It was squealing with fear and pain between the blows and I ran back up the stairs and was sick to my stomach.

The time I first saw a rat was a warm summer evening. The children were asleep so I propped the kitched door open with a chair and went down to the next floor to visit a neighbor. At ten o'clock I went up again to take the two-year-old to the bathroom. Not bothering to turn on a light, I lifted him from his crib and carried him back through the dark kitchen. My hand was on the knob when I heard a scratching behind the door.

I thought it was a mouse. Mice were our constant companions and it was a fairly common experience to have one leap over your foot at almost any hour of day or night. I dumped the baby into a chair, turned on the kitchen light and got the broom. Opening the bathroom door a few inches, I ran the broom noisily up and down the crack in the hinged side of the door, a technique I had found successful in scaring mice down their holes.

This time no mere mouse scurried and dived for his life. The door opened a few more inches and out swaggered a large sewer rat. I fell back step by step as he continued his leisurely advance into the kitchen. He was fully as big as a cat, heavily muscled in the shoulders, and his matted, muddy hair instead of lying down in the sleek, repulsive manner proper to his kind, stood out in a sort of Elizabethan ruff around his neck. He was a real gangster type and should have been chewing on a mellow Havana. He had full command of the situation and he knew it.

I dropped the broom, seized the baby and ran through our four rooms, turning switches as I went, with some dim idea that the lights might confine him to the now dark kitchen. It was a railroad flat, all the rooms in a straight line like boxcars, and between the second and third rooms there was a door which I slammed behind me. By the time I rounded up some men to chase the rat he was gone. We concluded he must have come in the open window from the fire escape and ever after, no matter how hot the night, that window stayed shut.

The next rat I encountered jumped over my hand as I sliced bread on the cupboard shelf. He disappeared

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fact that one lives in the natural conditions of human life and its unfolding, the division of labor and functions does not of necessity engender conflicts of this kind. Everyone of good will must recognize that the system of industrial capitalism has helped render possible and has even stimulated an increase in agricultural production; that it has permitted, in many regions of the world, higher levels of physical and spiritual life for rural people. It is not then the system itself which is to be opposed, but rather the danger it would run if its influence were to succeed in altering the specific character of rural living by assimilating it to the life of urban and industrial centers, by making of the "country," as we understand it here, a simple extension of the "city."

Such a program, with the theory which supports it, is false and harmful. As is well known, Marxism professes just such a theory. It has fallen into the idolatrous worship of technology and industrialization to an extreme degree. The "collectivization" of agricultural labor, after the manner of a factory, the degradation of the countryside, reduced to nothing more than a reserve of manpower for industrial production; this is where Marxism leads. But this is where the principles of economic liberalism also lead, once the pursuit of gain, on the part of finance capitalism, bears with all its influence upon economic life; once the interrelations of the national economy are considered exclusively from the market point of view as a price mechanism. And note that the consequences are identical for rural populations abused by industrial capitalism: either they become mere reservoirs of manpower, or they remain lethargic in the midst of a miserable existence, subject to the most dangerous tensions.

Without being the sole cause of the rural "exodus," today deplored nearly everywhere, the emphasis given to the interests of industrial capitalism in the production and distribution of income, plays its role here. It would, therefore, be an understatement to speak of the painful phenomenon as merely "leaving the farm." Rather the word "exodus" should be used, in all honesty, to make plain to everyone how a one-sided evolution of the economy ends by wrecking the human and social structure of an entire people. Finally, for want of a capable and enterprising rural population, the soil allowed to go fallow through lack of care, or exhausted through unskilful overcropping, loses gradually its natural productivity, and the social economy itself is swept along into a crisis of the gravest sort.

Today, men have the opportunity of deciding whether they will continue to follow a one-sided and shortsighted policy of "yield"; or rather will begin to direct it toward the totality of social economy, which is its objective end. Here are some examples: contemplated assistance to "underdeveloped" regions; agrarian reform, happily begun here and there; emigration and immigration, encouraged by international arrangements; a better regional grouping of complementary national economies; a better distribution of productive forces within national boundaries. All these measures should have for their purpose, among others, to assure rural peoples everywhere their proper character, their proper influence, their proper value in the economy and society.

It is exactly that which must be borne in mind when one deplores the defects and clashes in human relations, resulting from the labor structure in the world of industrial capitalism. Complaint is made, in effect, that labor has, as it were, "lost its soul," that is to say, the personal and social sense of human living. Complaint is made that labor, oppressed on all sides by a complexity of organizations, sees this human life transformed into a giant automaton, of which men are only the unconscious cogs. Complaint is made that technology, "standardizing" every move, works to the detriment of the individuality and personality of the worker.

A single remedy, universally applicable, would be difficult to find. It is none the less true that work of the farm acts as a powerful defense against all these disorders. We are thinking here first of the peasant farm, of the family-type farm. Of such is made up that rural class, which by reason of its over-all social character, and also by reason of its economic function, forms as it were the nucleus of a healthy rural population. To say this is not to deny . . . [that] the worker in the fields knows by daily experience that human life is in the hands of its Author. No other working group is so suited as his to the life of the family, viewed as a spiritual, economic and juridical unit, and also in the matter of production and consumption. However hard this work may be, man finds himself still master of his world through action at the heart of the community: of the family, of the neighborhood, and also, secondarily, of various economic cooperatives, provided, nevertheless, that these remain in all truth, and not merely as a matter of form, grounded on the responsibility of the entire membership. As regards modern technology, in the full measure in which it should place itself at the service of the individual farm enterprise, it will adapt itself naturally to the concrete situation in each particular case. Thus it will leave intact the individualistic character of agricultural labor.

Far be it from Us to indulge an unreal romanticism. With much patience and tact, it is necessary to place the farm world once more on the path of its salvation, master its defects, overcome the fascination for a world which is alien to it.

Furthermore, modern social legislation should also offer its advantages to rural people, but in conformity with their specific character. Above all, let them be given the opportunity for a careful education, wisely adapted to their needs, which will stimulate their professional betterment.

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this picture should make anyone anti anything, let it make people anti-greed, anti-oppression, anti-cruelty or anti any of the evils that bring on unnecessary suffering.

As a movie "Oliver Twist" is handsomely produced with stunning photography of old England and a cast that play the melodramatic story to the hilt. If little John Howard Davies doesn't wring your heart as the pinched, hungry Oliver saying "Please Sir, I want some more," then you're as cold and stony as some of the mean characters in this plot which has a plethora of meanies. Robert Newton is properly vicious and cruel as Sykes; Kay Walsh is sufficiently dramatic as Nancy; Francis L. Sullivan is absolutely perfect Dickens as Mr. Bumble; and Alec Guiness makes Fagin frighteningly sinister—he also portrays the role with several touches of swish that probably do not stem from Dickens.

As a story *Oliver Twist* has never been one of my favorites, and while David Lean has directed this version expertly in best cinematic style and with little variance from the Dickens original, I still found the plot an over-theatrical tract. Lean makes some of the episodes terrifically exciting but no matter how you slice "Oliver Twist" it is still a heavy lecture on man's inhumanity to man. Perhaps we still need that lecture, but the "Twist" telling of it is dated. PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Of Note

Rural Life

EARLY last month the International Catholic Congress on Problems of Rural Life met in Rome. The following is an excerpt from the address given to the Congress members by His Holiness, Pius XII.

> Our Predecessor of happy memory, Pius XI, in his encyclical *Quadragesimo Anno,* when speaking of the favorable and unfavorable consequences of the economic system of industrial capitalism, had already drawn attention to the dwellers on the land. The question has lost none of its urgency.
>
> Paralleling its pressure on the whole economic life (and this state of affairs still continues), that economic system had necessarily to make its influence felt on the spiritual, social and material conditions of rural populations. Nay more, today it can be said that the destiny of all mankind is at stake: Will men be successful or not in balancing this influence in such a way as to preserve for the spiritual, social and economic life of the rural world its specific character? Will they succeed in assuring it, if not a preponderant, at least an equal impact on the life of the human family as a whole?
>
> Could it be that there are irreconcilable causes of conflict in this area? By no means. From the very

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in the

Development and Vitality of the Church

VOL. II

by Very Reverend JOHN G. ARINTERO, O.P., S.T.M.

Translated by Fr. Jordan Aumann, O.P.

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A striking and immensely valuable part of the work will be found in the appendixes (eighteen of them) which follow the exposition of each point. These appendixes, embracing more than a hundred pages in all, consist of verbatim excerpts from a large number of spiritual writers, thus placing before the reader the very words of the mystics themselves. These sections constitute a sort of enchiridion mysticum.

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The rat darted into a tenement hall and up the bannister of the rickety stairs. By the time it reached the third floor two men were ahead of it, taking the stairs three at a time in their eagerness. The hall below became jammed with the others, pushing, shouting, wanting to be in at the kill. The rat scurried up and down the bannister for an undecided moment then leaped, hurtling through the air. It landed well down the hall and vanished in the dark courtyard behind the building.

In front of the tenement a crazy drunk was holding forth to the crowd. "Jesus Christ was crucified two thousand years ago," he shouted dramatically. "He rose from the dead. And what effect does it have on the cockroaches? None." His voice cracked and he began to weep.

The Screen

EYELESS IN PENNA

WHEN a good picture like *"Bright Victory"* comes along and handles with extraordinary understanding material that the movies have treated pretty well for several years, the critic finds himself at a loss. Having spent all his glowing adjectives and words of praise on earlier but deserving films that covered this important subject of postwar rehabilitation, he realizes that he has shot his wad. All that I can say now is that "Bright Victory" does it better. Its closest competitor is "The Men," which showed how a victim of paraplegia started himself on the road to recovery and more or less normal living helped by fellow paraplegics at an army hospital, good medical treatment, a loving wife and his own strong will. The greatest drawback to "The Men" was that Marlon Brando played the central character with so many surly chips on his shoulder it was hard for the audience to understand how his wife or anyone else could love this thoroughly unpleasant man. In "Bright Victory" the wounded soldier who loses his eyesight is portrayed by Arthur Kennedy, an actor of greater depth and scope than Brando. He gives a first-rate performance and is able to make us feel the sightless man's bitterness, his strong desire to commit suicide and various other moods of fear and impatient despair through which Larry Nevins goes. But fortunately Arthur Kennedy is also able to display other aspects of Larry Nevins: his will to live, his pride of accomplishment as he learns to use his other senses, his decency toward the girl who falls in love with him when he still has a fiancee waiting in Florida, and above all his ability to grow as new situations in his changing life make demands on him.

Although there are many fascinating scenes in "Bright Victory," the most interesting for me were those that take place in the Valley Forge Hospital where Larry is sent after he is wounded in North Africa. It is here that he overcomes the first panic after learning he will never see again; and it is here that he learns among other blinded men how to walk with a cane and care for himself. After Larry gets over his typical dose of self-pity, the picture takes on a courageous aspect of moving toward victory. It is to the credit of Mark Robson, who has done an excellent directorial job throughout, that the lessons at Valley Forge never seem hurried. The film never gives the impression that adjustment is easy or that the psychological steps forward are taken without reversal. Nor does the picture get involved in soft sentiment. Its errors are rather in the opposite direction—when the music punches the dramatic situation too hard or the script heightens the irony too often with expressions like "I'll be *seeing* you," or "Things won't *look* quite so black tomorrow." Actually Producer Robert Buckner has written a very good script from Baynard Kendrick's novel *Lights Out,* and he and everyone connected with this film deserve a round of applause.

The scenes outside of Valley Forge are effective too, especially those showing Larry going home to Florida for the first time. In spite of an understanding father (Will Geer), Larry finds he cannot cope with his weepy mother (Nana Bryant) or his many over-solicitous friends. When his fiancee (Julia Adams) thoughtfully breaks their engagement, Larry is free to return to the girl (Peggy Dow) in Pennsylvania, the girl who loved him not out of pity but for himself and who taught him that security cannot be given but must be made.

I hate making "Bright Victory" sound as if it were a series of sermons (because actually it is tremendously moving and very entertaining cinematically in spite of its serious material) but the film also deserves credit for its intelligent handling of the racial problem. Being a Southerner with anti-Negro prejudices, the blind Larry is shocked to discover that one of his best friends at Valley Forge is a Negro. When his other friends give him the cold shoulder for insulting his pal (James Edwards), Larry has to adjust his thinking along these lines too. "Bright Victory" points out the shallow foolishness of racial discrimination so effectively that it might almost become a model for future films treating this subject.

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NOW that *"Oliver Twist"* is finally being released you may wonder what all the anti-Semitic fuss was all about. It is true that Fagin (as made-up and played by Alec Guinness) looks very much like some of the Nazi caricatures of the Jews; but he looks even more like the Fagin of Cruikshank's original illustrations. For Producer Ronald Neame to have monkeyed with the looks and characterization of Fagin by softening him down beyond recognition would almost have been an anti-Semitic gesture—as if to say Jews are never wrongdoers as evil as Fagin. I doubt if the characterization as it now stands in the movie will inject any ill feeling. Fagin will be accepted as an isolated case; he is certainly not as much a villain of the piece as Bill Sykes, who as a person won't, I hope, make audiences anti-British. If

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down some hole or other in the back of the cupboard; a mere nodding acquaintance you might say and only an ordinary, sleek, disgusting house rat at that. The same day some friends on the ground floor of the building reported that as they sat talking at the supper table a rat had walked along the far end of the long bench on which they were sitting.

This was extraordinary boldness and everyone attributed it to the fact that the subway was flooded down around Lafayette Street. The underground rats were driven up, the theory went, creating over-population on the surface and forcing the regular surface rats to invade territory hitherto reserved for human beings; a liebensraum crisis in the rodent world. There did seem to be an excess of rats for two or three days, then thing got back to normal.

★

THE most troublesome rat I ever knew was not really my rat at all. It belonged to an old Italian lady who lived next door to us in three small, dark rooms. One afternoon she knocked on my door, trembling and weeping. "Me 'fraid" she kept saying. She didn't have much English and I no Italian but finally I could piece together what had frightened her.

Together we went back to her apartment. I switched on the light in the miserable little room where she slept. Her bed filled one half of the room. Opposite the bed stood a large bureau covered with gaudy pictures and vigil lamps from Barclay Street. In front of it she had placed a small rocking chair, leaving a narrow passageway between chair and bed. At the end of this, in the one empty corner of the room was a fat, grey rat curled up on its side like a housecat having a nap. It made no effort to move as we stood there regarding it with horror.

She had been sitting in her rocker in the dark little room, her back to the bureau, saying the rosary and no doubt dozing a little when two rats had sprung from the bureau on to her shoulders and thence to the floor. The rat in the corner was one of them. The other was nowhere in sight.

Poor old Giovannina was still shuddering when I left her in my apartment and went for help to the candy store downstairs. Here a dozen young men raised their eyes from a card game to listen attentively to my appeal. "Nope," said one of them when I finished, "I'm sorry for the old lady, Miss, but I ain't gettin' mixed up with no rat!" Every head dropped; every face closed; each man looked down at his cards with fierce concentration.

Two blocks away at the Elizabeth Street precinct I told the story again to a sympathetic desk sergeant. "Someone will be over right away, lady," he promised. "Ugh, I'd be upset myself." Considerably cheered, I returned to Giovannina and we tiptoed to her place once more. The rat was still there. As we waited in the hall for the police another neighbor, an elderly man coming home from work, stopped to look at the rat. He was astonished and pained that a cop had been called. Looking at us with contempt he went back down stairs to the cellar, muttering to himself, in search of a piece of pipe.

After a few minutes he returned, pipe in hand, just in time to meet the scrubbed, red-headed young officer who came to get the rat. All of us tiptoed in again to look at the monster still huddled in the corner. "Isn't it a queer way for a rat to behave?" I remarked to the policeman. "It must be sick or something." "Dunno, lady," he replied, "I never saw a rat before." He looked grim.

Giovannina and I went outside and the two men closed the door and began their work. It was sickening to hear and led me to some gloomy reflections on the nature of man. Having begun the necessarily brutal job with distaste they soon began to enjoy it as a sport. We could hear scuffling, thumping, excited shouts and laughter.

My five-year-old son who had joined us in the hall was also saddened by the performance but for other reasons. Having entertained a splendid vision of the law, gun on hip, shooting it out with the rat, he was terribly disappointed at hearing no chattering and cracking of bullets through the wall. When the creature was finally brought out wrapped in newspapers, he followed the men down the hall and begged a look at it. "I smelled a rat! It smells awful!" he shrieked, galloping back to me. He was beaming with delight at having finally tracked to its source one of the mystifying idioms used by grownups.

The cop came back, pad in hand, to take names and addresses. "The rat was a female, about to have young," he informed me. "That's why she didn't run away when we came in."

★

ONE time I witnessed a neighborhood rat hunt. It was one of those unendurably sultry nights which August inflicts on the masses of Manhattan's lower East Side. The narrow, filthy street, always alive with people, was more crowded than ever. The whole neighborhood camped out, the usually noisy and animated people too limp and exasperated by heat and humidity to either play or quarrel. Even the clamorous juke-boxes, background music to the drama of life in the slum, were silent.

Every little while someone would open a fire hydrant and the children would revive and paddle in the gutters for a few minutes until the inevitable squad car appeared and a silent, resigned cop shut off the hydrant again. The whole atmosphere was black, thick, volcanic. One wondered what crime, what horror would be accomplished on such a night.

Out of the shadowy gutter from between two cars a rat appeared. Sinuous, unhurried, it proceeded along the sidewalk, sleek and ugly in the path of light from the candy store.

The Rat, symbol of the evil that lurks in the depth of each man and in the cellars of society; suddenly it appeared boldly in the light, naked and deliberate.

The exhausted people on the street stirred into action. Young men seized wrenches, chairs, broken crates from the gutter, whatever came to hand, to pursue the rat. What had been a block of heat-weary neighbors became in a moment a brutal mob.

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Doctors in the Missions

THE current issue of *Medical Missionary* (8400 Pine Road, Philadelphia 11, Pa.) carries a talk given at the Loyola Stritch Medical School, Chicago, by Mother Anna Dengel, M.D., foundress of the Medical Mission Sisters.

> Should not our Christian consciences be stirred when we hear of the 100 million Indians who suffer from malaria every year—the hundreds of thousands who die of cholera, plague, dysentery, kala-azar, tuberculosis—the blind and crippled who line the streets—the numerous lepers still in the world—the high maternal and infant mortality—the nutritional deficiencies and general low level of health—the low average expectancy of life—in India 27 years — in China in normal times, only slightly higher! . . .
>
> By degrees almost every country in Europe has established a Catholic Medical Mission Center for recruiting and sending out lay mission doctors. . . .
>
> Every Catholic Mission would like to have *one,* or preferably *more,* Catholic hospitals and dispensaries to show forth the solicitude and love of the Church for the sick and suffering. The missionaries and mission personnel too, frequently need medical attention. Many precious lives of young missionaries have been lost in the past, and are still lost for want of proper care. The preservation of health in tropical, backward countries needs expert knowledge and care.
>
> All this requires doctors, and in Catholic missions—*preferably* Catholic doctors, imbued with the spirit of Charity and Christian principles and ethics. It is not known how many Catholic Mission doctors are in the field—but certainly less than 100.
>
> The present stage of Catholic Medical Missions presents a vicious circle. On the one hand, there are not many Catholic hospitals in the missions sufficiently organized and equipped to make it possible to engage foreign lay doctors. This involves many responsibilities, such as reasonably normal working conditions, trained auxiliary personnel, housing, salary, some sort of social security. Many of the patients being poor, the financing of lay doctors is a problem. On the other hand, there is little chance of progress—or bringing Catholic mission hospitals up to present day standards without the cooperation of lay doctors. . . . This inevitably brings up the thought that the providing of Catholic lay doctors from America at present is a completely haphazard affair. There is no academic center where this mission question pertaining to the medical profession is being studied, much less is there an organization to prepare Catholic lay doctors to participate in the grand and glorious work of helping to establish the Church, as other countries have done at least in a small way.

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The Heart's Own Reasons

By EVELYN WAUGH

NO ONE but Mr. Graham Greene could have written his latest novel *The End of the Affair*; his unique personality is apparent on every page. All the qualities which we think of as being particularly his own are here in abundance; his dark and tender acceptance of the inevitability of suffering; his conviction, which lies at the root of all morality, that the consequences of every human act for good or ill are an endless progression, and that human beings, especially men and women in their sexual relationship, are ceaselessly working on one another, reforming or corrupting; the deliberately contrived squalor of all the scenery and stage effects—in this book "onions" are made, perhaps in conscious allusion, to perform precisely the same function in the lovers' talk as "cattleyas" did for Swann and Odette; the rich idiosyncrasy of phrase—"misery's graduate," "fellow strangers," "I remember. That is what hope feels like." All these qualities are here. Nevertheless, the book differs sharply from its predecessors in method and material.

Hitherto Mr. Greene's characteristic achievement has been to take the contemporary form of melodrama and to transfuse it with spiritual life. His books have been tense, fast stories with the minimum of comment and the maximum of incident, his characters unreflective, unaesthetic, unintelligent, his villains have been vile and his heroines subhuman; all have inhabited a violent social no-man's land. Every book has ended with death and a sense of finality. Whatever speculations were aroused, the reader felt that as far as the author was concerned the job was done. He had been told all that was needed.

In *The End of the Affair,* Mr. Greene has chosen another contemporary form, domestic, romantic drama of the type of *Brief Encounter,* and has transformed that in his own inimitable way. The characters are industrious professional people of respectable appearance and settled habits. The pursuing detective, previously a figure of terror, is here a clown. But the great change in this new adventure is the method of telling. For the first time there is a narrator; everything is seen through his eyes and with his limitations. Instead of an omniscient and impersonal recorder we have the chief character giving his distorted version; a narrator who is himself in course of evolution, whose real story is only beginning at the conclusion of the book, who is himself unaware of the fate we can dimly foresee for him. *The End of the Affair* is an ironic title; the affair has not yet reached its climax when the record ceases.

It is the tale of a suburban adultery. A competent, fairly successful novelist wishes to write about a civil servant. In order to learn the authentic details of his life he seeks the acquaintance of a neighbor's wife, falls deeply in love with her and she with him. Their affair prospers, although he is tortured by jealousy and the sense that their happiness is necessarily impermanent, until after a bomb narrowly misses killing him, the mistress suddenly and inexplicably breaks relations with him.

Two or three years go by of complete separation. Then the husband, who has never suspected his wife at the time of her infidelity, consults the former lover; he thinks she is now deceiving him. The lover is more jealous than the husband. It is he who engages a detective to investigate the third man. This Third Man turns out to be God. Throughout the love affair the quality in the heroine that has been stressed is her abandonment. She learns the true object of abandonment and dies in the knowledge. After her death she, now in Heaven, begins, in a way that is slightly reminiscent of Maurice Baring's characters, to work on those with whom she was involved on earth. We leave the narrator-lover still tormented by uncomprehending hate but with the certainty in our own minds that her love will reach and heal him.

★

THAT, very baldly, is the story, a singularly beautiful and moving one. This *précis* gives no indication of the variety and precision of the craftsmanship. The relationship of lover to husband with its crazy mutations of pity, hate, comradeship, jealousy and contempt is superbly described. For the first time in Mr. Greene's work there is humor. The heroine is consistently lovable. Again and again Mr. Greene has entered fully into a scene of high emotion which any one else would have shirked. Instead of pistol-shots there are tears.

The story deals extensively with sexual relations and here any writer, however skilful, is gravely handicapped by the lack of suitable words. Our language took form during the centuries when the subject was not plainly handled with the result that we have no vocabulary for the sexual acts which is not quaintly antiquated, scientific, or grossly colloquial. To say that lovers "sleep together" is an absurdity in describing the hasty incidents of passion which occur in this book. Mr. Greene often uses the term "make love" to describe sexual intercourse. Normally that is an inoffensive euphemism, but here, where love is as often used in its high spiritual sense, there is an ironical twist in the phrase which frustrates the writer's aim. It is an artistic trap from which, once it closes, there is no escape. One must simply walk circumspectly round it.

The heroine, after her death, begins to work miracles. We are not left, as we often are by Maurice Baring, with a sense of brooding gracious sweetness; there is active beneficent supernatural interference. This is a brave invention of Mr. Greene's. His voice is listened to in many dark places and this defiant assertion of the supernatural is entirely admirable. His earlier books have

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EVELYN WAUGH is the English novelist. Graham Greene's new book has just appeared in England and will be published in this country by Viking.

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tended to show Catholics to themselves and set them puzzling. *The End of the Affair* is addressed to the Gentiles. It shows them the Church as something in their midst mysterious and triumphant and working for their good.

One might even say that in places it is too emphatically sectarian. It transpires, for instance, after the heroine's death that she was baptized by a Catholic priest. There is some speculation as to whether "it took"; whether it was an infection caught in infancy, and so on. But Mr. Greene knows very well that she would have been as surely baptized by the local vicar. It would be a pity if he gave an impression of the Catholic Church as a secret society, as Mr. T. S. Eliot did of his Church in *The Cocktail Party*. Clearly that is not Mr. Greene's intention nor can it be justly read into his words, but in the dark places where his apostolate lies I can imagine some passages carrying a whiff of occultism.

One further criticism, a matter of plausibility. The heroine is robbed of an intimate journal. Would this not have been noticed at once with consternation? Mr. Greene is usually so scrupulous in detail that it is surprising to find this overlooked. But this is a trifle.

To conclude, Mr. Greene is to be congratulated on a fresh achievement. He shows that in middle life his mind is suppler and his interests wider than in youth; that he is a writer of real stamina. He has triumphantly passed the dangerous climacteric where so many talents fail. We need have no anxiety about his development, only cheerful curiosity.

An Appeal

SISTER Leonarda Marie of the Poor Child Jesus writes from Louvain, Belgium, of a priest who has escaped from Eastern Germany and now works among the poor in Wuertemberg. His people have no church but only a hall where he offers the Sacrifice of the Mass. The priest himself is in great need of clothing. Sister Leonarda reports that his grey suit is over thirty years old and his black one is in a very shabby condition.

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Books

Joe Tumulty and the Wilson Era. John Morton Blum. Houghton Mifflin. $4.

JOE TUMULTY, born and raised in the Irish and Italian immigrant section of Jersey City, known as the Horseshoe, had little use in 1910 for his party's nominee for Governor, the Princeton president, Woodrow Wilson. The 31-year-old Tumulty, a practical liberal, had been sent to the State Legislature by Democratic voters in 1906 and again in 1908 on the strength of both his promises and performance in legislating social and economic reforms. He was skeptical of Wilson's professed liberalism, suspecting that it lacked the sinewy substance of his own convictions. But Wilson's "stirring speech" accepting his party's nomination for Governor, persuaded Tumulty to postpone his return to the law practice and to campaign actively for the earnest, but colorless university president.

During the campaign, Tumulty was effective in gathering and holding a crowd with his ready Irish wit, good humor and "pointed, political remarks" until Wilson would arrive for the major address of the evening. Wilson happened to come in the middle of one of Joe Tumulty's warm-ups at West Hoboken and was so impressed, he invited the Jersey City Democrat to join him in his campaign tour. Tumulty accepted. Wilson was elected Governor of New Jersey in 1910. Tumulty's friends persuaded him to accept Governor Wilson's invitation to become his personal secretary. In 1912, Woodrow Wilson was catapulted from Trenton to Washington and Joe Tumulty went along as the new President's secretary, confidant, adviser and public relations chief.

John Morton Blum has written sympathetically, sometimes admiringly, always competently of Tumulty and his role in the Wilson era. At author Blum's hands, Tumulty emerges as a man who took "the middle road between incorrigible professional politicians and amateur reformers."

No party hack himself, it was Tumulty's responsibility to keep the hacks in line, distribute the patronage, and oil the Democratic party machinery for the fastidious Wilson. Tumulty had also to interpret public opinion, frequently influence it to the advantage of his remote chief who was unable to sustain a durable rapport between himself and the people.

As the President's secretary, Tumulty knew two loyalties: to his President and his country. For these loyalties, Tumulty suffered. He was attacked by Catholics for Wilson's hands-off attitude during the Mexican revolution and the post-revolutionary anti-Church revulsion. Professional anti-Catholics accused him of conspiring to hand America over to the Pope. Envious Democratic politicians sought to undermine his relationship with Wilson. Finally, Colonel House and the second Mrs. Wilson succeeded in getting the President to ask for Tumulty's resignation in 1916. Wilson withdrew his request only after Tumulty revealed how near the heart it had struck. Tumulty remained for Wilson's second term, but under what must have been humiliating circumstances, for the President neither sought nor accepted to any considerable extent Tumulty's advice. In the end, Joe Tumulty was not even invited to Woodrow Wilson's funeral.

As Blum's record shows, had President Wilson heeded the canny Tumulty's advice, particularly during the Paris peace conference and later in the fight at home for ratification of the treaty and America's membership in the League of Nations, the President might have enjoyed greater popular support. Wilson's inept handling of the press at Paris, his all-or-nothing treaty position at home and his failing health, which made him increasingly irascible, cost him heavily in terms of favorable public opinion and Congressional backing.

The period from 1912 to 1920 was a critical and, as matters turned out, limitedly decisive era in American history. John Blum writes of it with fascination, through the eyes of the New Jersey Irishman, Joe Tumulty —from the inside.

DONALD McDONALD.

The Consul at Sunset. Gerald Hanley. Macmillan. $3.

CAPTAIN SOLE, who had weighed the problem of keeping order in the colonies most thoroughly and least frantically of all, reasoned this way: "This business of killing civilians, even civilian savages, was something about which there was no definite policy [in the British Empire]. You were not supposed to kill; you killed only if you were forced to do so. And when was one forced to do so? Only a God, Sole felt, should be allowed this decision. When could you know it was time to fire into a crowd? When they threw rocks?"

Others of his fellow-officers, also too long stationed in the heat and isolation of the North African desert after they had driven off the Italians in the last war, were not so articulate. Milton, a weakling to begin with, lost hold of himself and the respect he was able to command, through liaison with a notorious native woman. Turnbull, who had unshakable confidence that, despite his social inferiority, he was carrying on in the very best tradition of the British officer, finally cracked up in the end, too. All three of these men had lost the will to empire; they no longer believed in their mission; they suffered in varying degrees from certain twinges of conscience.

In contrast to all this stood Colonel Casey, their superior officer, who experienced no great difficulty in keeping things in hand. He showed that administrators can still subdue the fractious natives by intimidating them and starving them out. He put the question as to what these natives would do, and how they would fare, if left to themselves, in most convincing terms. The author of this grim tale does anything but idealize the

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natives; he makes no bones about the treachery and cruelty and savagery of which they are often capable.

But Gerald Hanley, who knows these tensions first-hand from his war service in Burma and East Africa, is less interested in over-all solutions of the British colonial problem than he is in its effects on the individual conscience of those thrust into authority. That is as it should be with a good novelist. He is also thorough and slow-going. By the time the final breath-taking chapters are reached the stage is completely set.

EDWARD S. SKILLIN.

Raymond of the Times. Francis Brown. Norton. $5.

"WE don't write like that on the *Times*," one of its editors growled once at a writer who was attempting to be humorous. Then you knew instinctively that you were being wrapped in a great cloud of tradition. Whether on page one, or in the buyers' columns, you are made to feel that your work on the New York *Times* is to record (and often influence) history, not merely to whip up stories to titillate the jaded reading public.

The tradition was born the day the *Times* was, one hundred years ago. It was nourished on the principles laid down by Henry Jarvis Raymond, founder and first editor, principles which today sound almost like cynical platitudes, so widely espoused and, in the breach, so studiously honored are they by the majority of the press.

The life of this extraordinary and attractive little man and the important, although, politically speaking, tragically ineffective, part he played in American history, has now been recorded by one of his journalistic descendants with a fidelity to Raymond's precepts that would have made the old man proud. Francis Brown, an old *Times* hand, now editor of its Book Review Section, has set down the "facts, in such form and temper as to lead men of all parties to rely upon [his] statements of facts, and then to discuss them in the light of truth and justice, and not of party interest." (After reading the book, I am convinced that Raymond, for all his dignity, would have enjoyed and used my story, referred to above, on the end of the wartime chewing gum shortage.)

A 19th century intellectual, liberal humanitarian of the finest type, Raymond was inevitably drawn into politics from journalism. Just as his newspaper tried, as Charles K. Dana put it, to avoid the mental eccentricity of the *Tribune* (Horace Greeley) and the moral eccentricity of the *Herald* (James Gordon Bennett), he fought the extremities of political thought that wracked the nation from the 1850's through the Reconstruction. As a prominent figure in the newborn Republican party and, later, as its national chairman—Lincoln's "political lieutenant-general"—and as a member of Congress after the Civil War, and always in the pages of the newspaper, he pleaded for moderation, for examination of both sides of an issue. He opposed both the rebellion of the Confederacy,

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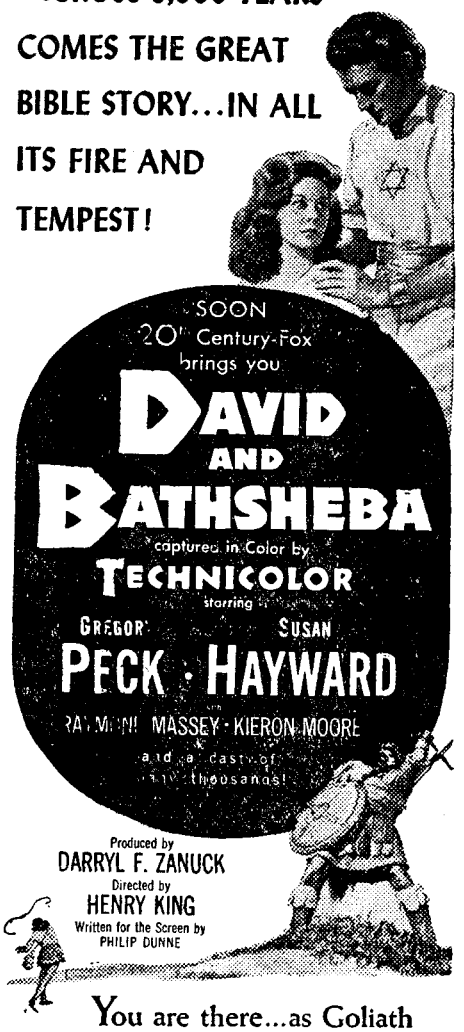

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and the savage postwar punishment of it demanded by the Radicals under Thad Stevens, with the same argument, brilliantly developed, that the Union was an entity governed by the Constitution, not a compact of sovereign states. He was far ahead of his time in trying to overcome what Herbert Butterfield calls the tragic element in the relations of opposing groups—the irreducible dilemma where each side is locked in its own system of self-righteousness. This detached, coldly intellectual approach infuriated his more passionate opponents and competitors, and he was often accused of being a trimmer when he shifted his views on a subject after carefully analyzing it. Since he was deep in politics, it appears that occasionally the charge was justified, but on the whole his record of placing country above party is an unusually distinguished one.

Brown's success in this sound and expertly wrought biography is not in presenting new material, but in giving a different and richer perspective to a momentous era in our national existence. His own detachment and careful avoidance of attributing motives may make Raymond less of a warm, living individual than the psychoanalytic biographies make of their subjects, but in the end this book seems more trustworthy than many of that kind. It is both a notable contribution to the history of the Civil War period, and a lesson for us. Raymond's political career was drowned in the same type of violent partisanship we see so much of today. But his greatest contribution lives on, with all its stuffiness and awkward majesty, blandly steamrollering the word jugglers who are trying to lead the world into educated illiteracy with one-syllable words, six-word sentences, plain talk, and all the other mumbo-jumbo. Who else but the New York *Times,* in a day when this alleged level of the American reading public's intelligence is said to be dropping from twelve, to nine, to six-years-old, would have the audacity to run a 64-word lead sentence on a sports page?

PAUL V. FARRELL.

• REVIEWERS •

DONALD MCDONALD is a member of the editorial staff of the *Catholic Messenger* of Davenport, Iowa.

PAUL V. FARRELL is an editor for the Conover-Mast publishing company and was for a time a member of the New York *Times* staff.

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Gates Mills, Ohio. A Resident Preparatory School for Boys. Conducted by The Brothers of Holy Cross, Notre Dame, Ind. Situated in suburban Cleveland, enjoying the facilities afforded by the city's libraries, galleries and museums. Distinctive rural-home atmosphere. 133 acre campus. Educational, cultural, and physical training programs. Fully accredited four year college preparatory course offered. Classes limited to 15 students. Brother Theophane Schmitt, C.S.C.

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THIS LOVELY PICTURE

called "Death and the Politician" (which politicians might study with much advantage, but of course they won't) is from

Death: "Don't strain yourself—you're in."

THE DANCE OF DEATH

by

Jean Charlot

These fifty drawings show Death informing all sorts of people that he has come for them. It is a modern version of the many Dances of Death that were written, played or painted from the 14th to the 17th centuries—times when people knew better than they do now that there is no gain in ignoring death as if it were something rather improper. Catholics of course have never been encouraged in such foolishness—indeed we are constantly exhorted to remember our death fifty times a day. (Too strong? Not at all — how many times do you mention your death in saying the rosary?) This book has one new and pleasant feature—a surprise ending. *Ready August 22nd.* $2.50

CALVARY AND COMMUNITY

The Passion and the Mass

by M. Harrington

On the Mass—its foreshadowing in the Old Testament, its institution by Our Lord, its place in the Christian life. All the elements of Sacrifice and Sacrament, of God One and Three, of Man, material, spiritual and social, are examined profoundly and lucidly—a very rich book for meditative reading. *Ready August 29th.* $4.00

FEAR AT MY HEART

by Mary Harris

The story of a child of eleven whose mother (a very antiseptic lady doctor) tries to keep her from all knowledge of God—as if religion were a particularly dangerous disease. How, in spite of this, her daughter, at first with a feeling of awful guilt, took her first steps towards God, and then went forward bravely, is told in a way that makes one marvel at the author's wonderful understanding of a child's mind. *Ready.* $2.50

ONE AND HOLY

by Karl Adam

This is the author's first book since the war. It begins with a very frank examination of the causes of the Reformation, not sparing the scandals that then so obscured the Church's mark of holiness. He continues with the major Reformation doctrines, as they were then and as they have since developed, and ends with an evaluation of the possibilities of reunion. He feels that one of the first steps to this must be a recognition by us of the positive values which Protestantism has retained. No one could call this book wildly optimistic, but it is not hopeless either. *Ready.* $2.00

WE WORK WHILE THE LIGHT LASTS

by Dom Hubert Van Zeller, O.S.B.

A new collection of essays by the author of *We Die Standing Up.* This time his main theme is the problems involved in human relationships — especially those met with in dealing with people we like—usually the most difficult to solve. *Ready.* $2.25

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The September-October number of Sheed & Ward's OWN TRUMPET contains our whole Fall list, extracts from some of the books, reviews of earlier ones — if you don't receive it, ask Lucy MacGill to send it to you, free and postpaid.

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